O Maruelous tydynges both Wonders Old and New
The Deuyll is endited yf many mens wordes be tru.

IN all Chriſtendom, Chriſtes Godſpell now is rad
Of man, womã, and chyld, it maketh their harts glad
Whiche with ſhamefull ſyns, bef ore were full ſad
O wounders good tydynges, yf all ſayinges be tru.
¶ Yet is rad ſo oft, and with ſoch diligence
That no text is wreſted, thorow raiſche negligence
Playn declaracions, help moche to the true ſenſe
We all haue cauſe to reioyſe, yf theſe tydynges be tru.
☙ Now after Chriſtes rule, all folk do lead theyr lyfe
They abhor all chydyng, brauling, fyghtyng, and ſtryfe
Grete feruent charytie is betwyne man and wyfe
No worſe wordes then hony comb, ſweet hart of gold, moſt tru.
¶ One neybur reſorteth frendly to an other
As though all were kynſfolk, lyke brother and brother
Greter loue was neuer betwyne chyld and mother
This world is no world, yf all tydynges be tru.
☙ It is rather lyke Heuyn, or pleaſaunt Paradyſe
The folk be lyke Angels, diſcrete, ſober, and wyſe
If one fall thorough frayltie, he repentyng more then twyſe
Ryſeth ſtyll a new man, a good Chriſtian and tru.
¶ Folk faſt, pray, and ſerue God, not Hipocritically
(Only to be ſeen of men, for folyſh vayn glory)
But from the very hart, the Lord God to glorify
Deſpyſyng fond fantaſyes, as falſe thynges, and not tru.
¶ Euery body now, in ſom trade of lyuyng
Doth labour for his foode, with trauell or ſwetyng
Som dyggyng, ſom fyſhyng, ſom wrytyng, ſom redyng
Som geuyng good counſell, lyke honeſt folk and tru.
☙ They knowe that they muſt make a rekenyng to God
Of theyr diſpenſacion, they feere gretely Gods rod
The ryche do helpe the poore, with roſt meat or with ſod
None lye ſtaruyng in Streets, yf all mens tonges be tru.
¶ Great ryche men be afrayd, leaſt they dye ſodaynly
Leaſt theyre goods (after them) be ſpent in fooliſhly
Leaſt God wyll call them fooles, therfore liberally
They ſpend moche in theyr lyfe, vpon poore folk and tru.
☙ They be redy alſo, ſomwhat to pryſons to ſend
If any thorough frayltie, chaunſe folyſhly to offend
But now Priſons be empty, the world doth ſo amende
There be but .iiii. ſcore and ten in kynges benche, it was tru.
¶ Of them that be in pryſon, ſom be tyed with clogges
Som gnaw broun cruſtes of bred, cõ burniſh boones lyke doggs
Som wiſh to fyll theyr guts, with catts, ratts, myſe, or froggs
Specyally this deere yere: Now (they ſay) they wyll be tru.
☙ How many be in Ludgate, and Neugate I can not tel
But they that be abrode, be afrayd, I truſt well
And fall to wourk luſtely, thorow theyr exampell
They abhorre Clinkerum: They ſay they wyll be tru.
¶ A man may goo now, ouer Fyns bery fylde,
Without ſweard and buckler, without ſpeare or ſhylde
With an hundred pounde: as ſafe as with a fylde
In a myſty morning, and by nyght, yf tales be tru.
✠ All England and Spayn, all Scotland, and Germany
All Fraunce and Ireland, all Denmark and Hungary
Be purged ſo (I truſt) from vice and Idolatry
That the Turk doth beghyn to thynk the Godſpele tru.
☙ The Saracens and Jewes (I truſt) do now conuert
Moued with Godlynes that is in Chriſtians harte
They fere leaſt Chryſts ſcourge wyll make theyr bones to ſmart
I truſt they receyue baptyme, and belyue the Godſpell is tru.
¶ They hire it ſo diſcuſſed by calculacyon
That Doomes day is at hand, yf mens ſpeculacion
In Aſtronomye be tru, the wordes tranſformacyon
Wylbe within .x. yeres, ſtraunge newes yf it be tru.

☙ I (one of .xl. yeres) thought to prouyde for age
Houſe for one and twenty yere, or ſom fat perſonage
Som prebend, deanery, or ſom vicarage
But now I pas not moche, yf Aſtronomers be tru.
¶ Yea whither Aſtronomers, be true eyther no
Or that generall iugement be commyng to or fro
This one thyng I kno ſure, that I ſhall hence go.
I kno nor day, nor houre: Nothyng is more tru.
☙ And douteles, yf all men, wolde be of my mynde
We wold ſom better way, for to lyue here out fynde
Men ſhulde be ſet awurk, onleſſe they were ſtark blynde
Yea blynde ſhuld do ſomwhat, to kepe themſelfe tru.
¶ Heithy folke lackyng wourk, ſhuld reſorte to a place
With theyr tooles and inſtrumẽtes (as ſom vſe to ſhew their face)
Then ſet awourk, or fed, (of mens fauour and grace)
With ſom comon purſe, to kepe themſelfs tru
☙ So that it ſhuld be a ſtraunge thyng for to ſee
Any theft or murder, euer committed to be
As (thankes be to God) folk burne ſo in charytie
That no knauery raigneth, yf all mens wordes be tru.
¶ The Deuyll hath ben a knaue, and hath kylde many men
Yea both ſoule and body, moe perchaunſe then ten
Now he is endyted, as witneſſeth my pen
His Queſt is empayneld, he is founde falſe, not tru.

☙ Here folowe the names of the .xii. men
that goo vpon the Deuyll.

¶ Gen. iii. i. Paralip. xxi. Job. i. ii. Sapien. ii.
Chriſt in Math. xiii. and in Luke. viii. Math. iiii.
Mar. i. Luke. xxii. Joan. xiii. and. i. Joan. iii.
Paull to the Epheſians. vi. i. Pet. v. Jacob. iiii.
☙ It wylbe hard to kyll, ſuche an immortall knaue
He recouereth ſo oft, though a ſtronge hooſte we haue
Call in Turkes and Saracens, that they alſo may be ſaue
Through Gods help, we may breke Satans hed, It is tru.
¶ To breke Satans hed, of all wayes this is one
With the buckler of fayth, to reſiſt ſuggeſtion
And ſtrongly to belyue, that Chriſtes paſſion
Chriſtes wordes and myracles, all be moſt ſurely tru.
☙ All Chriſtian kyngs, do now theyr wittes bende
Theyr letters in print to the Turkes for to ſende
With many new teſtamentes, theyr blynd lyfe to amende
For fere of hell fyre, I truſt it wylbe tru.
¶ When Satan the Deuyll, ſeeth ſuch a great hooſt
Suche a ſort of chriſtians, to diminiſh his booſt
He muſt neces be compelld, to graunt his great ſtrenght loſt
When his pate is broken, God graunte this may be tru.
☙ Then the golden world, I truſt wyll com agayn
That folk may lyue eaſyly, without any great payn
Many egges for a peny, at London I wolde ſe fayn
Fleſche and fiſche better chepe, I truſt it wylbe tru.
¶ All other thynges good chepe, I truſt to ſe er I dye
Coynes, meaſures, and weyghtes, in good vniformitie
Thorow all the world, I truſt to ſe ſhortely
Onles that diuerſitie doth more good, it be tru.
☙ Jentyll reder, farewell: Thou knoeſt part of my mynde
There lye in my harte, many ſuch thynges behynde
Whiche towardes the brekyng, of Satans hed I fynde
That all may be mery, and wyſe in Chriſt: It is tru.

¶ Jo. x. Alias oues habeo / quæ non ſunt ex hoc ouili / illas quoq; oportet me adducere / & vocem meam audient, et fiet vnum ouile / et vnus paſtor. ¶ Jo. xii. Nunc iudicium eſt mundi huius: Nunc princeps mundi huius eiicietur foras. Et ego ſi exaltatus fuero a terra / omnes trahã ad meipſum. Hoc autem dicebat ſignificans, qua morte eſſet moriturus.

¶ Prynted by Cornelis Wiltrop dwellyng at ſaynt Antonies.

Tidings